



SOPHISTICATED SUSPENSE

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SWAMP THING

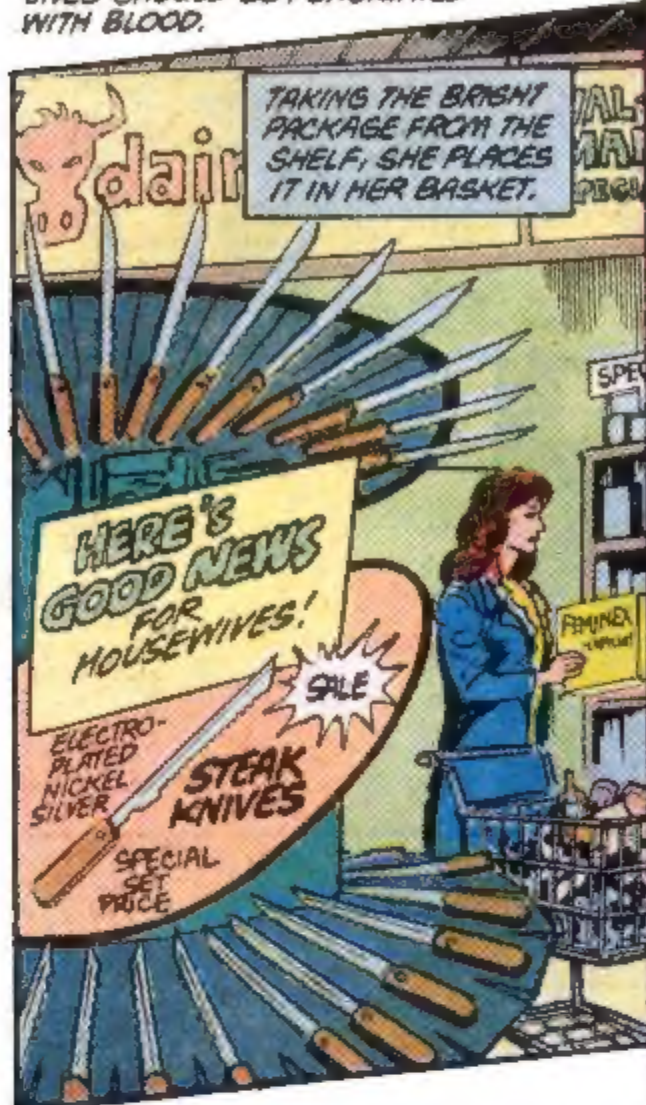


BY
ALAN MOORE
STEPHEN BISSETTE
AND JOHN TOTLEBEN

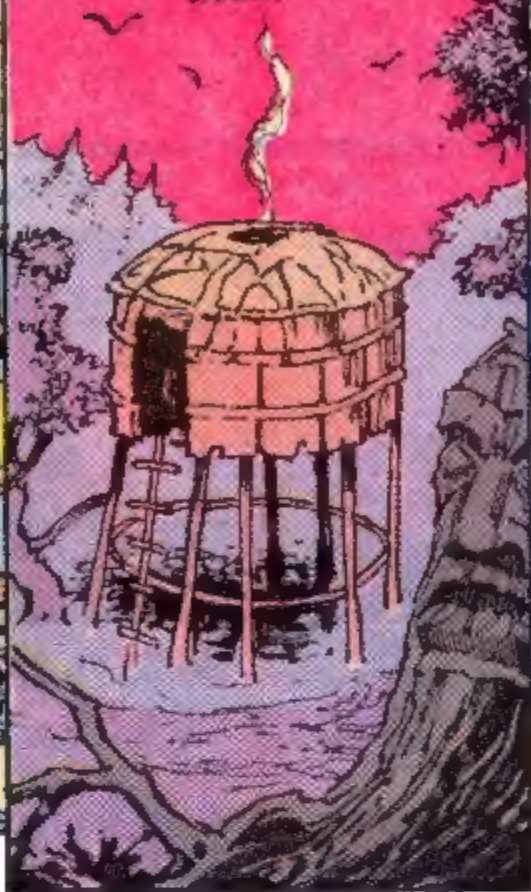
THE MUZAK SYSTEM HUMS "MOON RIVER" BENEATH ITS BREATH, AND SHE WONDERS BRIEFLY WHY WOMEN'S LIVES SHOULD BE PUNCTUATED WITH BLOOD.

LONG AGO, THE PENNAMAQUOT WOMEN WERE TAKEN EACH MONTH BY THEIR GRANDMOTHERS AND CONFINED IN THE RED LODGE.

SHE CONSIDERS THEM HEAVY AND ACHING, SQUATTING FOR DAYS IN THE STIFLING BLACKNESS OF THE LODGE.



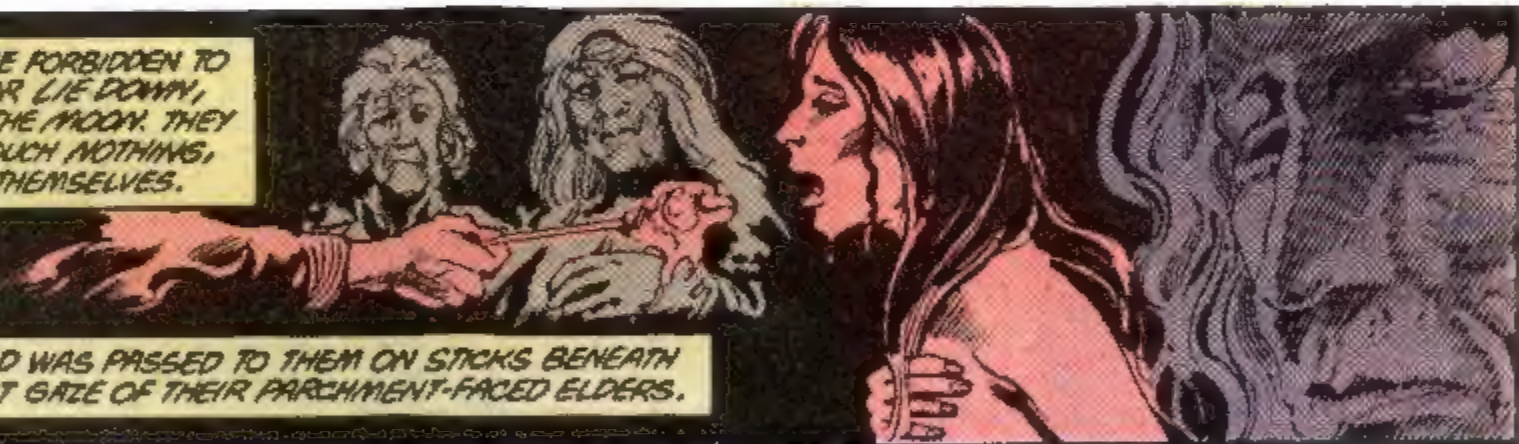
THE LODGE STOOD UPON STILTS, THAT ITS DARK AND SULLEN FEMALE POWER SHOULD NOT TAINT THE EARTH.



ON THE PACKAGE IN HER BASKET, A LAUGHING WOMAN RUNS THROUGH ENDLESS FIELDS BENEATH A CORNFLOWER SKY.

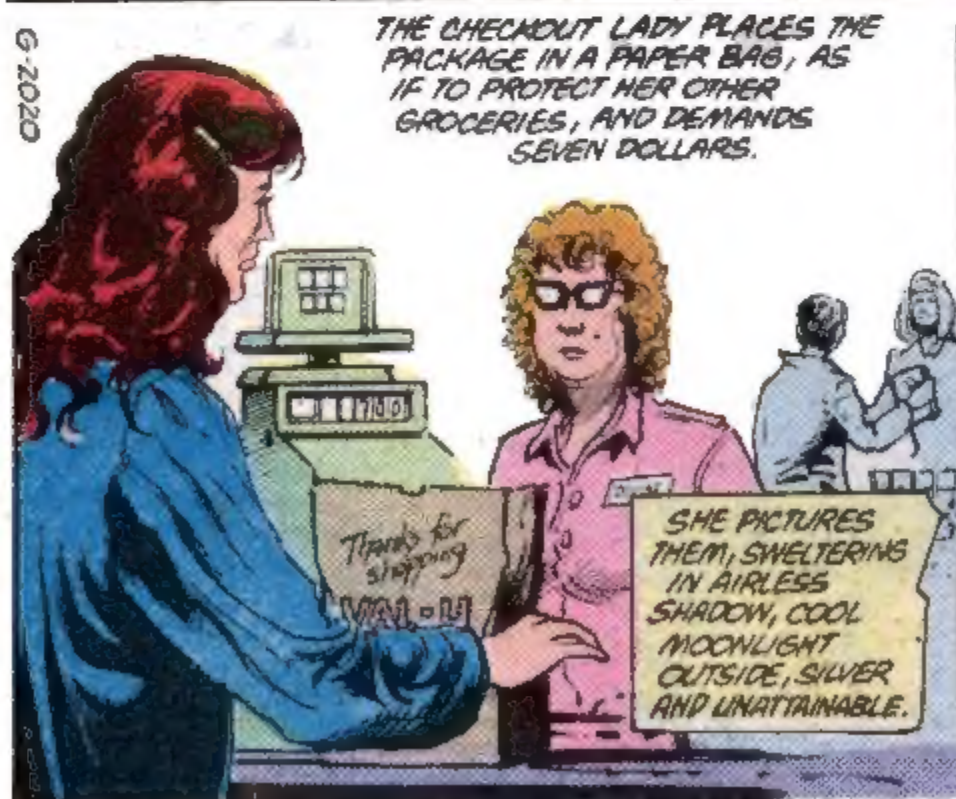
THEY WERE FORBIDDEN TO STAND, OR LIE DOWN, OR SEE THE MOON. THEY COULD TOUCH NOTHING, EVEN THEMSELVES.

THEIR FOOD WAS PASSED TO THEM ON STICKS BENEATH THE SILENT GAZE OF THEIR PARCHMENT-FACED ELDERS.



THE CHECKOUT LADY PLACES THE PACKAGE IN A PAPER BAG, AS IF TO PROTECT HER OTHER GROCERIES, AND DEMANDS SEVEN DOLLARS.

SHE PICTURES THEM, SWELTERING IN AIRLESS SHADOW, COOL MOONLIGHT OUTSIDE, SILVER AND UNATTAINABLE.



ALL SHE CAN IMAGINE IS THEIR ANGER.

OVER BREAKFAST THAT MORNING
SHE'D ARGUED WITH ROY.



WALKING HOME, SHE REPLAYS THE
DIALOGUE INSIDE HER HEAD, REVISING
THE SCRIPT TO GIVE HERSELF ALL THE
LINES SHE WAS TOO RETICENT OR
SLOW TO SAY ALOUD.

FRESHNESS
AND CONFIDENCE
HAVE NEVER
BEEN SO
SIMPLE.

**AUTUMN
MORN**
DISPOSABLE
DOUGHS
WITH THE
GENTLE
SCENT OF
WHITE
FLOWERS...
FOR THE REAL
WOMEN IN TOWN.

...THEIR ANGER, IN DARKNESS TURNING...

HOT AND UNCOMFORTABLE,
HER THOUGHTS SEEM
TO BE MADE OF JAGGED
TIN. THEY JANGLE
TOGETHER AS SHE WALKS.



BEHIND THE GLASS AT
STEIN'S ADULT BOOKS,
NUMB-EYED WOMEN
STARE THROUGH
ZIPPERED LEATHER
MASKS.

...THEIR ANGER, IN
DARKNESS TURNING, UNRE-
LEASED, UNSPOKEN, ITS
MOUTH A RED WOUND..



IN THE STREET, YELLOW
DOGS ARE BARKING.



FULL OF SOMETHING WITHOUT A
NAME, THE GOOD WIFE GOES
HOME TO PREPARE HER HUSBAND'S
TABLE.

...THEIR ANGER IN
DARKNESS
TURNING,
UNRELEASED,
UNSPOKEN,



ITS MOUTH A
RED WOUND,
ITS EYES
HUNGRY, HUNGRY
FOR THE MOON.

SWAMP THING

CREATED BY
LEN WEIN and
BERRY WRIGHTSON

"THE CURSE"

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STEPHEN BISSETTE
AND
JOHN TOTLEBEN
ARTISTS
KAREN BERGER: EDITOR
TATJANA WOOD: COLORIST
JOHN COSTANZA: LETTERER





WELCOME BACK.

IT IS STRANGE... TO KNOW THAT I AM BUT A STEP AWAY... FROM ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD...

...AND COMFORTING... TO UNDERSTAND... THAT ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD... I AM ONLY A STEP AWAY... FROM YOU...



Y'KNOW, YOU WEREN'T AWAY AS LONG AS I EXPECTED.



I DON'T THINK I'D REALIZED HOW FAST YOU CAN TRAVEL NOW, LETTING YOUR BODY DIE IN ONE PLACE AND REGROWING IT SOMEWHERE ELSE...



I HADN'T THOUGHT OF IT LIKE THAT.

HEY, THAT'S REALLY NICE.



ALEC?

WHAT ABOUT CONSTANTINE? DO YOU HAVE HIM FIGURED OUT YET? I DUNNO... HE'S LEADING YOU ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, PROMISING YOU KNOWLEDGE, BUT...

...BUT DO YOU REALLY TRUST HIM?



NO.



HE HINTS... AT
SOME GREAT
THREAT...

SOME CONSPIRACY
THAT MANIFESTS
ITSELF... IN
SUPERNATURAL
OUTBURSTS... ACROSS
THE CONTINENT...

BUT HE IS...
EVASIVE.
HE PLAYS... SOME
DEEPER GAME...



I... DO NOT
CARE... TO BE
MANIPULATED.

TOMORROW... I
SHALL MEET HIM...
AT ABBINESCOOK...
IN ABBIN...

AFTER THAT... I
SHALL FOLLOW HIM...
NO FURTHER...



ARE
YOU
SURE?

I MEAN, I KNOW
I DIDN'T LIKE YOU
LEAVING ME AT FIRST,
BUT THAT WAS JUST
ME BEING SELFISH.

IF YOU WANT
THIS "KNOWLEDGE"
HE'S OFFERING...



HE OFFERS... NO KNOWLEDGE...
THAT I COULD NOT... HAVE
ARRIVED AT... BY MYSELF.

I WANT... TO
STAY HERE, ABBY...
IN LOUISIANA...

WITH
YOU.



Y'KNOW
WHAT?

YOU DON'T ASK ME TO
FEED YOU, OR TIDY THE SWAMP,
OR IRON SHIRTS, AND I GET
FRESH FLOWERS ALL YEAR
ROUND.

YOU'RE JUST THE
SORT OF PERSON I IMAGINED
MARRYING, WHEN I WAS
LITTLE...

...EXCEPT,
Y'KNOW, NOT
GREEN...



...AND
WITHOUT ALL
THE PATCHES
OF FUNGUS.

KENNESCOCK, ARIZONA.

ROY, PHOEBE... I GOTTA
HAND IT TO YA! THIS SURE
IS A SWELL HOUSE YOU
LANDED HERE.

AND YOU
SAY ITS GOT
MISERY?

WELL, Y'KNOW...
ONLY INDIAN
HISTORY.

USED TO BE, SOME SORTA
LORSE STOOD HERE. IT WAS
WHERE THE ARIZONA SENT THEIR
SQUADS WHEN THEY STARTED
GETTING CRAWLY AROUND
THAT TIME O' THE MONTH.

MYSELF, I
DON'T BLAME
'EM. HANANA!

PHOEBE KNOWS
MORE ABOUT IT
THAN ME, YOU
READ A BOOK,
AIN'T THAT RIGHT,
SWEETHEART?

THEIR ANGER,
IN DARKNESS
TURNING...

YES, THAT'S
RIGHT.

MORE
COFFEE?

SURE... BUT NO
MORE COOKIES
FOR JOANNIE HERE!
SHE'S STILL TRYING
TO GET HER FIGURE
BACK AFTER THE
KID... AND THAT
WAS TWO YEARS
AGO!

THEY ATE FROM STICKS, LIKE LEOPARDS, AND THE
GOURDS THAT THEY SIPPED WATER FROM WERE
AFTERWARDS SMASHED AND BURIED WITHOUT TRACE.

THEIR ANGER, IN DARKNESS TURNING,
UNRELEASED, UNSPOKEN...

ENTERING THE KITCHEN, A WAVE OF VAGUE AND CENTERLESS PAIN SWEEPS OVER HER.

SHE LIFTS A SPOON
AND HER FLESH CRAWLS
AT THE CONTACT. IT IS
SILVER, BUT NOT THE
KIND SHE NEEDS...

THE THOUGHT
SURPRISES
HER. WHAT
KIND OF SILVER
DOES SHE NEED?

NOT HARD, NOT COLD, NOT MINED OR SMELTED
OR SHAPED BY MAN...



THEIR ANGER, IN DARKNESS
TURNING, UNRELEASED, UNSPOKEN,
ITS MOUTH A RED WOUND,
ITS EYES HUNGRY...

...HUNGRY
FOR THE
MOON.

SOMETHING SOFT AND
INSISTENT SEEMS TO RISE
IN HER THROAT, PUSHING
ITS WAY UP FROM
INSIDE HER...

...AND SHE
TURNS FROM
THE WINDOW
AND SHIVERS,
SWALLOWING
HARD...

...AND SHE
MAKES THE
COFFEE...

...AND AFTER THEIR VISITORS HAVE GONE, ROY
REMARKS THAT HER EYEBROWS NEED PLUCKING, AND
THAT NIGHT SHE SLEEPS FACING THE WALL.



ALL THE NEXT DAY HER
STOMACH ACHES, AS IF
SOMETHING SAVAGE AND
RESTLESS WERE CURLED
THERE.

SOMETHING THAT SHIFTS
AND TWISTS, IMPATIENT WITH
ITS INCARCERATION...

...SOMETHING
GROWING.

KENNESCOOK...

NO SOONER...
AM I FORMED...
THAN I FEEL...
THE POWER
OF THIS PLACE...
CRASHING IN
UPON ME...

IT IS... AN
OLD POWER...

...A
PRIMAL
POWER...

SKIP

...A
POWER...
LIKE MY
OWN...

A DARK BEACON...
IT PULSES TO ME...

LIKE...
CALLING
TO LIKE...

IT WILL NOT... BE DIFFICULT... TO FIND...



PHOEBE?

JEEZ, PHOEBE,
I BEEN LOOKIN' ALL
OVER FOR YA!

WHAT ARE YOU
DOIN' OUT HERE?
THE DINNER WAS
SUPPOSED TO BE
READY A HALF
HOUR AGO.



NOT...
HUNGRY...

DON'T...
WANT...
DINNER...

THEIR ANGER, IN DARKNESS TURNING...



OH, REALLY?

WHAT, IS THIS
SOME NEW DIET
FAD YOU SAW ON
T.V. WHILE I
WAS WORKIN'?

WHAT
ABOUT MY
DINNER??

THEIR ANGER, IN DARKNESS TURNING,
UNRELEASED, UNSPOKEN...



LEAVE...
ME ALONE...

GO...
AWAY...



OH, I GET IT.
IT'S P.M.S., RIGHT?
AS IF THAT WERE AN
EXCUSE FOR EVERY
THING!

PHOEBE, I'VE
TAKEN ENOUGH
OF THIS CRAP.
IF YOU'VE GOT
SOMETHING TO
SAY, IF YOU
WANT AN
ARGUMENT,
THEN LET'S
HEAR IT!

WELL?

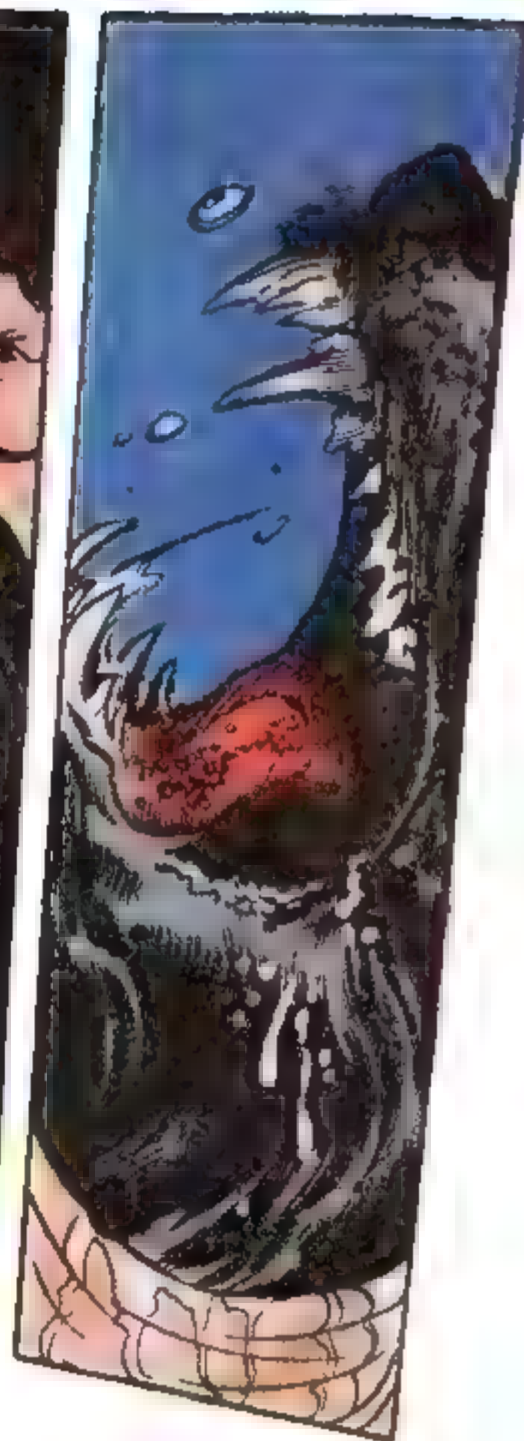


THEIR
ANGER,
IN
DARKNESS
TURNING,
UNRELEASED,
UNSPOKEN.
ITS
MOUTH
A RED
WOUND.
ITS
EYES
HUNGRY.

WELL?
C'MON,
PHOEBE...

JUST SPIT
IT OUT...

... HUNGRY FOR THE MOON.



CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

PHOEBE 2

OH,
GOD...

OH,
GOD...

PH-ANDER?

PHOEBE,
I'M CALLING
THE POLICE!

YOU
HEAR
ME??





IN MY MIND...
I HEAR... MY
OWN VOICE
SPEAKING...

SAYING...
"I... AM
OF THE
EARTH..."

"WHAT...
ARE YOU?"

AND IN MY
MIND... ANOTHER
VOICE ANSWERS!

"I AM
HUMAN"

"STAND NOT
BETWEEN ME
AND MY
HEATH."

IN HER... AS IN ME... THE ELEMENTAL
ENERGIES ARE STRONG...

ONLY... THE
NECESSITY...
TO DO SO...

BUT THIS...
IS NOT...MY
PLACE OF
POWER...

WE STARE... INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES...
AND I UNDERSTAND... THAT I DO NOT
HAVE THE RIGHT... THE AUTHORITY... TO
STAY HER HAND...

WHUUH?

IT IS
HERS...

GGRRRRRRRR!

KRAK!

... AND NECESSITY ALONE...
IS NOT ENOUGH.

OH,
NO.

PHOEBE...

PHOEBE,
PLEASE...

PLEASE
DON'T..

I LOVE YOU, I SWEAR, I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU! OH, GOD, DON'T KILL ME, DON'T KILL ME...

THE MADDENING STENCH OF HIS FEAR IS IN HER NOSTRILS. SHE NOTES, WITHOUT SURPRISE, THAT HE HAS SOILED HIMSELF...

WRECHED MAN.

PATHETIC MAN...

SHE DRAWS BACK HER PAW. ONE BLOW WILL REMOVE THE TOP OF HIS HEAD.

UGLY MAN.

COWARDLY MAN...

OOOOOOOOO
NNNNNNNNNN

AND IN THE END, SHE STILL CANNOT BRING HERSELF TO DO IT

SHE UNDERSTANDS AT LAST THE NATURE OF WOMAN'S CURSE, AND SHE SHRIEKS HER DESPAIR AT THE MOON-BLEACHED SKY.

THE ANGER CRASHES BLINDLY AROUND
INSIDE HER WITH NOWHERE TO GO. TEARING
AT ITSELF, RAVING ITS OWN FLESH WITH
FRUSTRATED TALONS.

SHE DESTROYS THE
GREENHOUSE.

...AND
THE
MAILBOX...

...AND
THE
CAR...

...AND IT
ISN'T
ENOUGH.

SHE
RUNS...

AND THE NIGHT IS TOO SMALL
A THING TO CONTAIN THE FURY
WITHIN HER

(CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING)



THE MAIN STREET, STRETCHING BEFORE HER, IS A
SMEARED MONTAGE OF NOISE AND MOVEMENT
DRENCHED IN THE COLD BRONZED
MOONLIGHT.

THE SIDEWALK IS HARD AND
UNYIELDING BENEATH HER
FEET, AND SHE BREAKS
A CLAW.

SATIS AND MOCKING, THE IMAGES OF
HER SLAVERY RISE UP AROUND HER LIKE
HASSING GHOSTS, SECURE IN THEIR
VICTORY.

SHE KNOWS THEN
THAT THERE IS NO
ESCAPING THE
RED LODGE...

...FOR ITS
CRUEL
ESSENCE
IS IN ALL
THINGS...

...AND THE
RED LODGE IS
EVERYWHERE.

THEY WERE
KEPT IN THE
DARK, SQUATTING
THERE WITH
NOTHING TO
DWELL
UPON
BEYOND
THE FACT
THAT THEY
WERE
UNCLEAN.

EVEN THE
TOUCH
OF THEIR
SHADOW
WOULD
SOUR
THE LAND,
BLIGHTING
THE CROPS
THAT GREW
THERE...

AT THE END OF THEIR CONFINEMENT,
THEY WERE LED OUT BLINKING INTO THE
HARSH AND TASCULINE GLARE OF THE SUN.

THEIR CLOTHING WAS
TAKEN FROM THEM
AND DESTROYED.

THEIR ANGER, IN DARKNESS
TURNING, UNRELEASED, UNSPOKEN,
ITS MOUTH A RED WOUND...

IN STEIN'S ADULT BOOKS, BREATHED
IN THE DIMINAL PERIL OF SWEAT
AND LONELINESS, THE MEN
CARRIED OUT THEIR
TRANSACTIONS...



I CATCH UP WITH HER
AS SHE LEAVES THE
GUTTED BOOKSTORE.

ALL ABOUT US
PEOPLE ARE
SCREAMING

PLEASE
YOU MUST
LET ME
GO

YOU MUST TELL ME
WHAT IT IS THAT
YOU WANT.

"I AM
HUMAN.

"I SEEK
RELEASE
FROM
THIS
STYLING
PLACE
THAT HAS
BEEN
BUILT
FOR ME

I

I CANNOT
GIVE YOU
THAT RELEASE

"THEN
GIVE ME
DEATH"

HER VOICE
TURNS
MY
MIND
TO
SLEEP AND
SHE IS
ALONE.

SHE RUNS
AND SHE RUNS
AWAY FROM ME

BOOKS
SUPERMART

I DO NOT
TRY TO
STOP HER

BEHIND THE GLASS, A MACHINE SINGS LULLABIES TO THE SLEEPWALKING WIVES WHO PUSH THEIR SQUEAKING SHOPPING CARTS BENEATH THE FLY-BY VINYL NEON LIGHTS.

THE SUPERMARKET IS AN ARMY ARMY OF SIVELS: SOAP POWDER, CHEESE, DISINFECTANT...

AND ABOVE ALL, THE OOR OF WOMEN'S LIVES GROWN IRREVOCABLY SILE THE RED LODGE. THE RED LODGE IS EVERYWHERE!

WHY DOES NO ONE SEE IT?

WHY DO THEY SMILE SO EAGERLY INTO THAT DARKNESS?

SHE TEARS AT IT WITH LACERATED PAWS, TRYING TO RIP AWAY ITS IMPERSONAL STRAPLIT MASK AND REVEAL THE FETID SHADOWS BENEATH.

THEIR EYES ARE DULL AND UNCOMPREHENDING. THEY SEE NOTHING BUT HER FLIRT.

HER
EYES
ARE
DULL
AND
UNCOMPREHENDING.

BEFORE HER TIER-KNOCKED EYES SHE SEES THE GLINT OF SILVER ON CHEAP CUTLERY...

IT'S A POOR KIND OF MOONLIGHT

IT'S A POOR KIND OF FREEDOM

BUT, IN THE END, IT IS THE ONLY KIND SHE HAS

HERE'S GOOD NEWS FOR HOUSEWIVES!

NO!

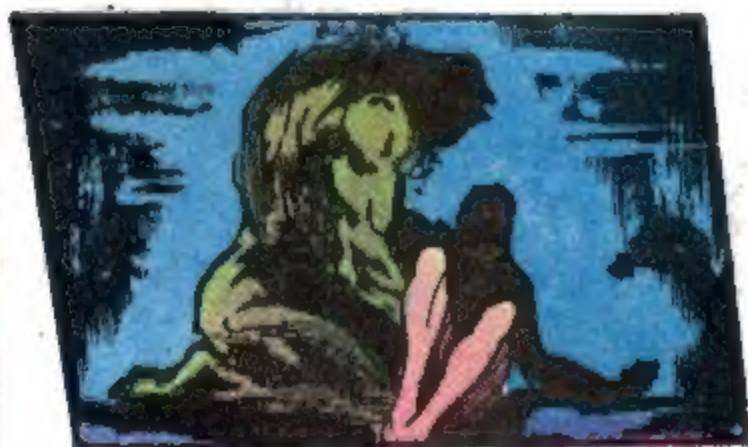
SKUTCH





JEEZ, WHAT IS IT?
I SAW THAT BIG DOG
GO CRASHING IN
THERE...

OH, GOD, IT'S
GOT A WOMAN!
WHY DOESN'T
SOMEBODY DO
SOMETHING?



TH-THANK
YOU...

WAS... WAS
ROY ALL
RIGHT...?



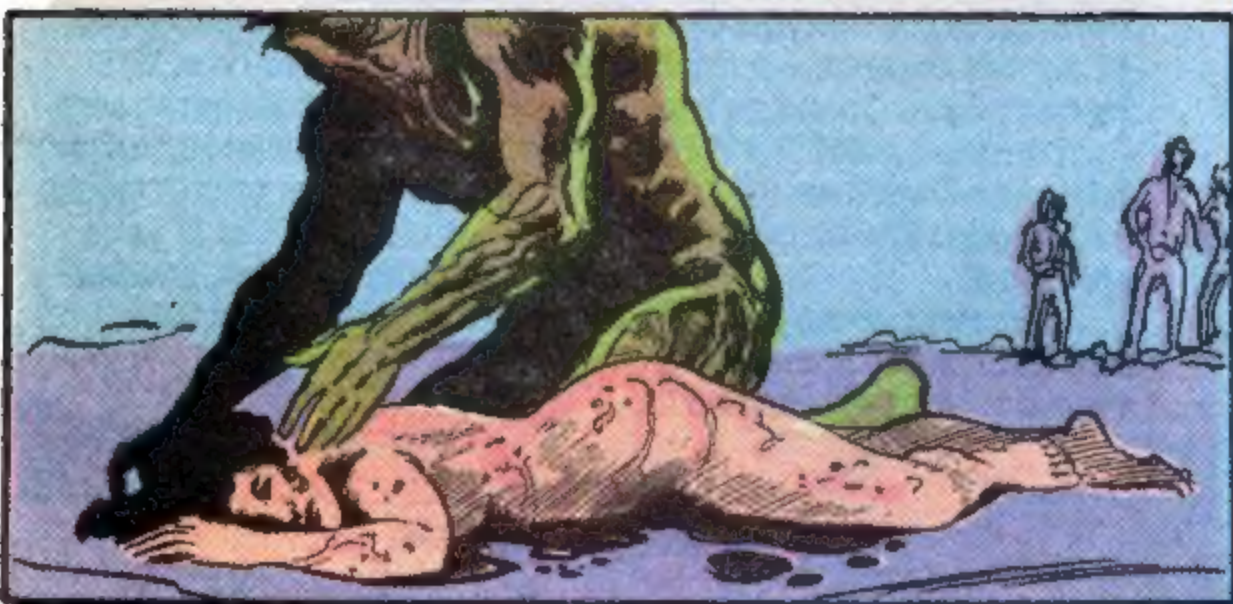
YES.



GOOD.

THAT'S
GOOD.

OH, LOOK AT
THE MOON.
SHE'S SO
BEAUTIFUL.
SHE'S...



I LEAVE HER THERE...
DOUSED... IN BLOOD...
AND MOONLIGHT... AND
I WALK AWAY...

NO ONE TRIES
TO STOP ME.

LATER.

'EVENIN'!

CONSTANTINE,

I WAS... WONDERING...
WHEN YOU... WOULD ARRIVE...

WANTED TO KNOW
WHERE WE WERE OFF
TO NEXT, EH? WELL,
I'VE GOT YOUR TRAVEL
INSTRUCTIONS ON THIS
PIECE OF PAPER HERE...

I...
DO NOT...
CARE!

WHEREVER IT IS...
I DO NOT... WISH TO
GO. I AM RETURNING
HOME TO LOUISIANA...

REALLY?
FAIR
ENOUGH.

YOU DON'T...
APPEAR... TO BE...
CONCERNED...

WHY SHOULD I
BE? IT'S A FREE
WORLD, CHIEF. YOU
GO WHERE YOU
LIKE.

SEE YOU
AROUND.

LOUISIANA

next:
SOUTHERN
CHANGE



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Before we get to the mail on "The Rite of Spring," we'd like to devote this space to an announcement you may or may not have recently seen in a couple of fanzines.

Steve Bissette and John Totleben wish it to be known that as of this writing, pages 1-14 of SWAMP THING #34 ("The Rite of Spring"), its painted cover, the covers of SWAMP THING #29-34, and the cover to SWAMP THING annual #2 are missing. The artists offer a reward for its return.

The original artwork was prepared for mailing at the DC offices, but despite normal security precautions disappeared from there in early January of 1985. There is no record of the artwork either entering or leaving DC's mail-room or the local post office.

The missing artwork for SWAMP THING #34 has attracted more purchase inquiries from art collectors and dealers than any other issue in Bissette and Totleben's tenure on the book.

The artists offer a reward--no questions asked--for the return of, or any information leading directly to, the repossession of the missing artwork. Needless to say, no one may legally sell or buy the artwork listed above, and the artists respectfully ask that anyone having any of it in his or her possession please return it to the rightful owners. Contact: Steve Bissette and John Totleben, c/o SWAMP THING, DC COMICS, 666 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10103.

Dear People,

Up until #34, "The Rite of Spring," the fact that Swamp Thing was not Alec Holland still bothered me. It was not because of the pervading sense of tragedy that this revelation entailed, or that the story lines were ineffective, but because this newfound fact left a gap to be filled in Swamp Thing's life. And #34, at least to me, unquestionably filled this gap by successfully showing how Swampy could accept his identity, not as a metamorphosed man, but as a child of the Earth. No longer psychologically bound to seeing things as a human, he sees life how it really is--and is content to know he is an active part of it. His "purpose" in life is incidental; simply being alive is enough. His relationship with Abby, a situation which could have been disastrous if in the wrong hands, was handled with nothing short of excellence by Alan Moore, and the

almost visual poetry by Stephen Bissette and John Totleben convinced me that everything was in order, that this love affair was a natural thing to happen. Swamp Thing, too long without physical companionship, found the perfect "lover" in Abby, a friend who can truly understand his own point of view. In turn Abby, flung back and forth in a maze of nightmarish situations, found someone who not only cares about her but is willing to risk anything for her--even if that meant going to hell and back, which he did. Swamp Thing and Abby complement one another, he broadening her perspectives by showing her the beauty of life, and she by keeping that spark of humanity in him alive.

And now for some questions about Swamp Thing to be hopefully answered:

1) Although Swamp Thing is psychologically a male, can he reproduce, since he can seemingly grow things at will from his body? In the past he lost his arm, and that arm grew into a mindless imitation of him. So, if he willed it to happen, could he reproduce a copy of himself, and not end up with a cabbage patch baby?

2) Do Swamp Thing's eyes function like human eyes or are they just for decoration? He does not seem to need to see, since he can sense the Earth and the life around him.

3) Does he get all his energy from the sun or does he absorb as food some of the insects that live within him, like a carnivorous plant?

Kevin J. Lindenmuth
4004 Bursley
Ann Arbor, MI 48109

Taking your questions in order, Kevin:

1) Truth to tell, we haven't explored the possibility of Swamp Thing producing a "cabbage patch baby" yet. Given his highly evolved abilities, we can't say that it couldn't happen in the course of his existence, but for the foreseeable future, we don't think he has those plans in mind.

2) Swamp Thing's eyes function as human eyes--being light sensitive and transmitting visual messages. But, as we witnessed in issue #34, his perceptions of the world are quite different than ours.

3) Swampie draws his energy from the sources you mentioned, as well as the earth, water, and as recently seen, through ingesting dead animals.

Dear Karen,

Only Alan Moore could even possibly dare think of intertwining a romance between Abigail Arcane Cable and our favorite muck-encrusted mockery of a man, and not be laughed out of comicdom. "Play it Safe" is the motto of the industry. It's okay to be creative once in a while, but puh-lease don't take risks, right?

Were this romance simply interracial, or even in a few cases between species, the artistic risks would not be great. But, no, Alan Moore creates a relationship that isn't even in the same genus or family; these two aren't even in the same kingdom!

So, can a plant that has known life as a man, and a woman who has only briefly known life as one with the plants, find happiness in the swamps and bayous of the South? Stay tuned, same comic next issue...

The risks are great, but so is the reward, and Alan Moore is just the man to pull it off. I'm impressed. Just keep this comic exploring worlds where no comic has been before, Alan, and I don't think anyone will be able to guess the quality of entertainment and literature that we will see.

Sincerely,

Donald G. Shelton
801 S. Central Ave.
Nicholasville, KY 40356

Swamp Thing and Abby's relationship is perfect proof (albeit a bit far-fetched) that looks aren't everything, and it's really what's inside a person that counts.

Dear Alan and Karen,

Alan, "Rite of Spring" showcases your best and worst elements as a writer. The story is simple and different, touching on a subject with real emotion. Abby's love is real. Sort of. Unfortunately, you have her speaking like a naive, blundering teenager. No one I know, outside of comic book characters, speaks with so many "y'know"'s and "well"'s and "uh"'s. If this is your imitation of American speech, it's probably true, but it sounds stupid when read. And then you end it with the unbelievable "Does this mean we're going out?" She's expressed her love, she's shared his body, she's revealed herself, and then Abby acts like a cute actress, not a flesh-and-blood character. To top it off, your poetry runs rampant through

their organic intercourse scenes. Over-written is an understatement.

Alan, you're capable of much better, but I'm afraid most readers will hail this story as a masterpiece and let it reign forever as good writing. I think you attempted too much and fell short. I'm glad you tried, but you didn't make it this time.

Sincerely,

Kerry Lucarelli

PO Box 48

New Ipswich, NH 03071

Points well taken, Kerry, and to each his own. But speaking in defense of Abby's speech pattern ... I don't know how articulately spoken New Hampshire dwellers are (particularly in the insecure, nervous, and emotional throes of professing one's love) but, being a native New Yorker myself, I found and do find Abby's speech to be very much on the mark.

To those that have put so much in,

I love it. I love SWAMP THING. This book is so very poetic. I'm talking about SWAMP THING #34. The artwork is wonderful. It's not even drawn by John Byrne. I can not get over the beautifully written story. When Abby ate that vegetable that was a part of Swampy, I cringed. It reminded me of how dogs eat their own placentas after the baby has been born. I thought about it a little more and I figured that it's not cannibalistic, only symbolic. Again, I've never seen art done this wonderful way and I'm happy to say that I'm glad it was done first in SWAMP THING. I wish everyone involved good fortune and I hope this mag takes all the Eagle Awards for next year and beyond.

Thank You,

Robert Sasser

2221 W. Hemlock

Santa Ana, CA 92704

Alan,

This is not comics; this is ART. I refer, of course, to SWAMP THING #34.

You've done the impossible, Mr. Moore. You've tackled the most abstract, difficult, and wonderful theme presentable, and you've emerged with what reads like an epic poem. This is my interpretation, and as you know, love means different things to each individual.

The impossible: a mobile, root-infested plant is capable of giving more love than any "human" ever could. An average, not-too-intelligent woman experiences what we all search for in life: oneness with someone we love.

Don't take my comment about Abby the wrong way. I mean that she feels first, and those feelings don't always materialize the way she wants them to. This is why I can relate to her. She reminds me of me. It's hard as hell telling anyone you love them (and meaning it). I felt Abby's grief as she tried to express herself to Alec.

And I'm glad you included the obvious

sexual question. It was handled intelligently and thoughtfully, excellently characterizing Abby's view. Obviously, she may have had some reservations about the sacrifice (look at the unnecessary importance society places on the issue in terms of relationships), but her willing to bypass it made her transcend the level most of us humans seem to be on. And besides (now, how can I say this without jeopardizing the chances of this seeing print) her journey "inside" of Swampy, the merging of their spirits, was greater than any point of pleasure physical contact could bring.

And about the journey. I have never experienced anything like it! Steve and John should receive some kind of award for this issue.

This is the first time I've ever been literally inside a comic character, and the circumstances were wonderful. I felt as if I were with Abby every step of the way. "Does this ... uh ... mean we're going out?" If you only knew how many times I've struggled through those same words!

This love story was definitely worth skipping class for. What class did I miss? Advanced Writing Techniques. I got my lesson anyway.

Carlton Keith Brown

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We all know that for all intents and purposes, SWAMP THING is a "horror" comic, Carlton, but it's the beauty and strength of Swamp Thing's versatile character that allows such a story as the "Rite of Spring" to be credibly told. And it's also that immense versatility that allows him to comfortably co-exist amongst super-heroes, supernatural characters, and even alien funny animals.

Dear Messrs. Moore, Bissette, and Totleben:

I haven't written to comics much of late. Perhaps it is just that after some 35 odd years of reading the bloody things, I've lost some enthusiasm for them, seeing how "the more things change, the more they stay the same," and real creativity, rather than mere pandering to the lowest common level of the masses, remains the standard. Yet there have been jewels among their more mediocre brethren, and I still relish a work well done.

I was, therefore, not prepared for SWAMP THING #34. It is the very best single comic book I have ever read.

I am an artist myself, and it is rare for me to be so thrilled by the work of anyone, but the gorgeous visionary art of Bissette and Totleben should be assigned a category by itself, for it is far beyond what else is on the market. I also write, and keep the company of some well-known science fiction/fantasy writers, so I am very impressed by the economy and evocativeness of Alan Moore's style. But especially, I am a Pagan (an "official" one), a priest of a Nature religion, and it is just such

visions as you very creative people managed to so splendidly capture that formed the inspiration and foundation for what became my religious path. Indeed, I've "seen" the same things in the play of consciousness expanding through and embracing the multifaceted and all-encompassing life-current as that incredible aliveness which this sentient Gaea-planet, the Goddess, is forever expressing. And you actually caught it in drawing! Amazing!

I only hope you will stay with it for a long time. When next I get together with my group to practice the Old Religion, I will send you a blessing via the astral pathways, for, in your work, for the first time in years, I have been moved to tears by a comic book, SWAMP THING #34. More power to you!

Bright Blessings!

Rev. Robin Goodfellow

1825 Woolsey St. #4

Berkeley, CA 94703

To everybody that has anything to do with the best comic out now,

Absolutely, positively nothing can beat issue 34. This is the most beautiful comic I've ever read. Alan Moore's stories are flawless. I can't give him any more praise than what has already been given. Steve's and John's art follows the script to perfection. The cover was superb also.

This story was excellent. The thought of Swamp Thing and Abby making love had crossed my mind, but I thought it would be impossible. When Abby asked Swamp Thing "Does this mean we're going out?" I started to cry. Alan Moore is the best "thing" that has ever happened to comics.

The art and coloring were perfect. The images went beyond the imagination.

Now it's time for a few questions. Is Abby pregnant now? If so, I can't wait to see what the baby looks like. Will she quit her job and everything else and come to live with Swamp Thing?

Well, I've run out of time and superlatives. Please prove me wrong and make next issue better than this one.

Andy Kunka

(No address given)

Abby and Swamp Thing's consummation was spiritual, not physical, Andy, so we won't be hearing the pitter patter of little feet around. But, Abby does come to live in the swamp, and is still holding down her job at Elysium Lawns.

NEXT: Swamp Thing and Abby reckon with some black magic, voodoo, and more in "SOUTHERN CHANGE"! See you then—Karen.

